

## The Unwanted Bride Of Atticus Fawn Chapter 4 - Tips

0 4 minutes read

~ATTICUS~

“There you are, son,” my grandfather, Gerard Fawn, says as he joins me out at the lake.

This was my favorite part of my home. I would always come back here and stare at the view—especially in times like this when I had a lot on my mind.

“Are you not speaking to me as well?” he asks as he watches the lake along with me.

“That depends,” I say. “Did you also have anything to do with this wedding?”

He smiles, “the wedding was your mother’s idea, but I had nothing against it. I know you will not agree with us, but Autumn suits our family more than Anya does. Besides, your brothers will be there for her. It’s unfair that all three of you got the same mate, and it’s been tearing this family apart. This wedding is exactly what we need. I believe that a woman like Autumn will help you move on from Anya. Eventually, she would have had to choose one of you. It couldn’t be the three of you for the rest of her life. We are saving you the heartache of the future.”

“You say it like you know she wouldn’t have chosen me to spend the rest of her life with,” I note.

He shrugs his shoulder, “she would have chosen one of you. I’m not optimistic you wouldn’t be her first choice. I’m just telling you that marrying Autumn will make it easier for your brothers and you.”

“Why should I be the one to make the sacrifice?” I ask.

“Because you’re the eldest.” He says. “As the eldest, I’ve also had to make many sacrifices for my siblings while growing up. You have been a good child your entire life, listening to your parents, listening to your grandmother and me; if she were still alive, she would tell you the same thing that I was. Our marriage was also arranged, but we fell deeply in love. It can happen for you also.”

My grandmother, Annie Fawn, died two years ago. Her death had hit our family hard. We were all still trying to cope with it. Some may argue that two years was enough time to stop grieving, but she was an angel; she did everything for us.

“Do you think she would have wanted me to marry Autumn even though Anya is my mate?” I ask him.

I always respected her opinions. I wish she were still alive to answer this question on her own.

He nods, "Your grandmother was always very fond of Autumn. They would meet outside of our home. She never mentioned it to you but told me how much she adored her and wished that someday she could marry into this home."

My jaw clenched. His words have gotten to me. Why did she want Autumn to marry into our family? I never knew they were so close. I knew Autumn attended the funeral, but I thought she was forced to by her parents.

"What are you trying to tell me?" I ask him.

"You know exactly what I'm saying. You will be fulfilling your grandmother's wish by marrying Autumn. You wondered what she would have said if she was still alive; I can tell you that she would have told you to marry her. I'm not just saying this because it's what I want or what your parents want; I'm telling you because this is what she would have liked."

I stand there, looking at the lake, with his words on my mind. I glance at him, and I know that he realizes he's cornered me. He said the right words. He said the one thing that would guarantee that I marry Autumn.

Fulfilling any wishes my grandmother may have had will always be on my to-do list, even if those wishes meant destroying my happiness. Marrying Autumn Rivera may very well take everything from me, but I was willing to do it now. Because of her.

"Did my parents put you up to this?" I ask him.

He laughs, "they may have mentioned something to me. I didn't do this for them, though; I did it for you and my lady in the sky."

I shook my head, "I guess I should go tell them the good news?"

He nods, "it will make their day. That's for sure. Though, even if you hadn't agreed, I know they would have found a way to convince you. It's your parents, after all."

I storm back into the house with one thing on my mind. This time they're in the garden. All eyes are on me as I approach the crowd.

I see her again. Autumn. My future wife.

I try to ignore her beauty, standing near a bouquet of red roses with the wind blowing her long ash blonde hair. I tighten my fists and walk past her to my parents.

They are still displeased by my actions earlier; I can tell. I know they're not expecting me to accept this wedding, not this early, especially since I told them earlier that I would only marry Anya.

"I'm ready," I say to them. "To marry Autumn. You can start the preparations. I will not try to stop it."

My mother's eyes lit up with happiness, and she hugged me, "I'm so proud of you, son." she said with a smile. "I know that this will be the best decision of your life. Autumn will be your lucky charm."

"Now that's my boy!" my father said as he hugged me next. "This is going to be the wedding of the year. No doubt. A Rivera marrying a Fawn, finally."

Autumn's parents are hugging mine. They're the happiest amongst us. One would think they were the ones getting married by how glad they were.

Autumn joins us then, and she looks surprised that I agreed to marry her.

She opens her mouth to say something when my phone rings.

I look down at the caller ID and feel my body become still.

Anya.